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MAUSOLEUM OF MARSHAL SAXE,

AT STRASBOURG.

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MAUSOLEUM OF MARSHAL SAXE.

THE prefixed Engraving represents one of the most celebrated curiosities of the Continent—the magnificent monument to Marshal Saxe, in the Protestant church of St. Thomas, at Strasbourg. The inscription denotes it to be the tribute of Louis XV. to the memory of his bravest hero; although its erection was not completed until two years, (in 1776,) after the King's death. It was designed and executed in marble, by J. B. Pigalle, the royal sculptor, and is rather admired for its grandeur than its simplicity—for its vastness, rather than its details. It is based on an obelisk, against the wall of the church, and it fills the chancel, or where the altar is usually placed. The design represents the hero, having defeated the lion, wolf, and eagle, the representatives of war, about to step into his tomb, with characteristic placidity and fortitude. His brow is bound with the laurel of victory, and he bears the ribbon and bâton of office. On his left is a cherub extinguishing a torch, and in tears; and at his feet is the figure of France, which seems to hold him back, and implore his stay of the draped figure of Death, (as the skeleton, profile, hands, and feet denote,) below, who holds up a glass to bespeak that the conqueror's sand is run out. At the opposite end of the tomb or sarcophagus is a stalwart soldier in deep lamentation. Beneath are gracefully emblazoned the arms of the Marshal, with bâtons, and the chain and jewel of his order. The figures in this superb group are, it is said, of unequal merit; those of the Marshal and suppliant France being most admired for their dignity and graceful beauty.

The original of the Cut is a finely executed, large print, by Chretien de Mechel, à Basle.* To this may not inappropriately be appended a brief outline of the hero, whose splendid services this monument is designed to commemorate.

Maurice, Count of Saxe, was born October 19, 1696, at Dresden, and was the natural son of Frederick Augustus II., King of Poland, and Aurora, Countess of Koningsmark. In childhood, he is said to have evinced some presages of his warlike genius. He was taught to read and write with the utmost difficulty; nor could he ever be prevailed upon to study a few hours in the morning, otherwise than by a promise that he should ride on horseback in the afternoon. When a mere boy, he joined the allied army, under the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince Eugene. He was at the siege of Lisle in 1708, when only twelve years old; and he mounted the trenches several

times both at the city and the fortress, in sight of the King his father, who admired his intrepidity. At the siege of Tournay, in the year following, he twice narrowly escaped death; and at the battle of Malplaquet, far from being shocked at the carnage around him, he declared, in the evening, that "he was well pleased with the day." In 1711, he followed the King of Poland to Stralsund, where he swam over the river, in sight of the enemy, with his pistol in his hand, during which time he saw, without any seeming emotion, three officers and above twenty soldiers fall by his side. When he retired to Dresden, the King, who had witnessed his courage and abilities, raised a company of horse for him. Count Saxe spent the whole winter in teaching his regiment some new evolutions, which he had invented, and next marched against the Swedes in the following year. This regiment suffered much at the battle of Gadelbush, where he made them return three times to the attack. At the close of the campaign, Count Saxe married the young Countess de Loben, a rich and amiable lady named Victoria, which name, Count Saxe afterwards said, contributed as much to fix his choice on the Countess, as her beauty and large fortune. This lady brought him a son, who died young. Shortly after, upon a disagreement with her, he procured his marriage to be dissolved.

Count Saxe continued to signalize himself in the war against Sweden, and was at the memorable siege of Stralsund, in December, 1715; when Charles XII. was blocked up, and had the satisfaction of seeing him in the midst of his grenadiers. The conduct of this celebrated warrior inspired Count Saxe with a high degree of veneration, which he ever retained for his memory. He next served against the Turks in Hungary in 1717, and on his return to Poland in 1718, received the order of the white eagle from the king.

In 1720, Count Saxe visited France, and the duke of Orleans, then regent, gave him a brevet of *marechal de camp*. The Count afterwards obtained leave from his Polish majesty to serve in France, where, in 1722, he purchased a German regiment, the ancient exercise of which he changed for one of his own invention; and, the chevalier Folard, on seeing this exercise, foretold immediately, in his commentary on Polybius, that Count Saxe would be a great general. During his residence in France, he learned mathematics and the art of fortification, with surprising facility, till the year 1725, when schemes of ambition led him to discontinue these studies; for, in the following year, he became a candidate for the Duchy of Courland, and was unanimously elected, chiefly by aid of the duchess dowager, second daughter of the Czar Iwan Alexiowitz, brother of Peter the Great.

* There is a lithograph of this noble tomb prefixed to a book called *A July up the Rhine*; but it is rather a caricature than a representation, and is altogether miserably executed.

Count Saxe's election was opposed by Austria and Russia, and he could not maintain his ground in Courland, though he would have done so, had he returned the Duchess' passion; and he would likewise have shared the throne of Russia, which this princess afterwards ascended.*

Count Saxe returned to Paris in 1729, resumed his study of mathematics, and acquired a taste for mechanics. He next distinguished himself on the Rhine, at the lines of Etlingen, and the siege of Philipsburg, after which he was made lieutenant-general, in August, 1734. Hostilities having recommenced on the death of the emperor Charles VI., Count Saxe took Prague by assault, Nov. 26, 1741, then Egtra and Ellebogen, raised a regiment of Hullahs, and brought back Marechal de Broglie's army upon the Rhine, where he fixed various posts, and seized the trenches of Lauterburg. He was appointed Marechal of France in 1744, and commanded the main body of the army in Flanders, where his superior tactics paralyzed the enemy, and made them afraid to undertake anything. This campaign in Flanders did Count Saxe great honour, and ranks as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the military art. He won the famous battle of Fontenoi, under the King's (Louis XV.) command, May 11, 1745: Louis viewed the victory at a safe distance; but Marshal Saxe, though sick and weak, gave his orders with such presence of mind, vigilance, courage, and judgment, as made him the admiration of the whole army. This victory was followed by the capture of Tournay, which the French besieged, of Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, Ostend, Ath, &c.; and, when the campaign was supposed to be finished, the Count took Brussels, February 28, 1746. In the same year, and his next campaign, he won the battle of Raucoux; and Louis, to reward such a succession of glorious services, declared Count Saxe marshal-general of his camps and armies; January 12, 1747. Marshal Saxe then carried troops into Zealand, gained the battle of Lanfelt, July following, approved the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, and took Maestricht, May 7, 1748. These victories led to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in the same year.

Marshal Saxe went afterwards to Chambord which the King had given him, ordered his regiment of Hullahs thither, and kept a stud of wild horses. He visited Berlin some time after, and was magnificently entertained by the King of Prussia. On his return to Paris, he planned the colonization of the isle of Tobago; but relinquished the scheme, when he found that England and Holland opposed it. Marshal Saxe died, after a nine days' illness, at Chambord, November 30,

* In refusing the hand of the Duchess, Count Saxe only kept a vow which he made on the dissolution of his marriage—never to wed again.

1750, aged 54. He wrote a book on the art of war, which has been translated into English.

Marshal Saxe was a man of ordinary stature, of a robust constitution, and extraordinary strength. To an aspect, noble, warlike, and mild, he joined many excellent qualities of disposition. Affable in his manners, and disposed to sympathize with the unfortunate, his generosity sometimes carried him beyond the limits of his fortune. He was remarkably careful of the lives of his men. One day, a general officer was pointing out to him a post which would have been of great use; "It will only cost you," said he, "a dozen grenadiers."—"That would do very well," replied the marshal, "were it only a dozen lieutenant-generals." He had been educated and died in the Lutheran religion. "It is a pity," said the Queen of France, when she heard of his death, "that we cannot say a single *De profundis* for a man who has made us sing so many *Te Deums*." Religion had not much influence on his general conduct; but on his deathbed he is said to have reviewed his errors with remorse, and expressed much penitence.

MISS LANDON.

THIS present day is rich enough in female talent, to put to shame the contemptuous reflections, which, from the courtly Chesterfield downwards, have been cast on the mental endowments of the sex. "Women," says that polite detractor, "have but one object in life, which is their beauty,—they are but children of a larger growth." A fair array of names, however, brighten and adorn the paths of literature, in fiction, in poetry, in biography, in astronomy. Mrs. Somerville, following in the starry track of Newton, has explored the worlds "beyond this visible, diurnal sphere," and in her little work on the most pure and elevating of all the sciences, has given a name to female literature, which will live when the ephemeral celebrity of those who seek only to amuse, shall have glided smoothly down the waters of oblivion.

It is pleasant to cast our eyes on female names, which have delighted and adorned the years gone by; "few indeed, and far between," but sweetly do their memories still shine through the gathering mistiness of time. The spiritual and sainted Mrs. Rowe; the chastely-elegant Anna Seward; the useful Mrs. Barbauld; the wildly-imaginative Mrs. Radcliffe; the tender, graceful, but unhappy Mrs. Robinson; the melancholy Charlotte Smith; the epistolary beauty of Mrs. Grant; the moral truth and excellence of "dear, didactic" Mrs. West; the pious Mrs. Carter; the acute and witty Jane Taylor; the rigid, sententious, and gifted Hannah More. But, how differently must we view the erring

and perverted genius of Mary Woolstoncraft, over whose daring and most deplorable departure from all which gives charms to the talent of her sex, the admirers of her extraordinary powers must ever mourn. We revolt at minds, however gifted, when they are distorted to purposes of evil, obscuring the intellectual ray in the mists of error, quenching "the vital spark of heavenly flame," which was bestowed to enlighten and adorn, in the dull vapours of infidelity and scepticism of all held sacred by the wise and good. Again, how much more repulsive is this mental deformity, when contemplated in woman, "o'erstepping the modesty of nature," and making us fain to regret that such a one had not been rather born with the limited faculties of Jane Taylor's lady of three ideas, "stiff as the plaitings in her Sunday cap;" over the sandy desert of whose brain, no original thought ever wandered to startle or alarm.

But, turn we from this mournful wreck to the name of Miss Landon—the sparkling, the impassioned "L. E. L."—whose rare and varied fancy has charmed so often—from the pretty, but sometimes immature, outpourings of her youthful muse, to the world-knowledge, the experience, and close study of human nature, to be found in her aphorisms. It is interesting to mark the developement of her mind,—her sanguine and ardent fancy, when "life had not lost its rich romantic hues, but human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth," mellowed to the searching and observant mind, which has learned in the haunts of life much to shade all glowing imaginings, in the clear, cold hues of truth. She had not wandered far, ere she found the flowers of early hope wither beneath the wintry blasts, which, during our pilgrimage on earth, so often scatter human wishes and aspirations. Hence the spiritual and heavenward flight which her muse has taken. Her *Easter Offering*, in which the most important of all themes forms the chief subject, at once gives evidence of her genius and her piety. Still young, how much has the world taught her of its treachery, its selfishness, its faithless seemings! Discernment of character, keen insight of the human heart, and tracing of actions to their motives, are the excellencies of her *Francesca Carrara*. She has, like Byron, grown old in thought, not years, "piercing the depths of time."

"True poetry," a pleasing writer has observed, "reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness and enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, and strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid pictures of its tenderest and loftiest emotions." These attributes belong in no ordinary degree to many of the efforts of Miss Landon's muse. A sweet picture of the tender memories of bereaved affection may be found in her little effusion, entitled

Tivoli. The mourner is visiting the place after the death of her, for whose sake he had formerly come to this land of the summer, when "on her cheek pale omen sat:"

When last I gazed, fair Tivoli,
Upon these falls of thine,
Another step was by my side,
Another hand in mine;
And mirrored in those gentle eyes,
To me thou wert a paradise.
I've smiled to see her sweet lips move,
Yet not one accent hear,
Lost in the mighty waterfall,
Although we were so near.

Again her clear brow turned too clear,
Her bright cheek turn'd too bright,
And her eyes, but for tenderness,
Had been too full of light.
It was as if her beauty grew
More heavenly as it heavenward drew.
Long years have past, and toil and care
Have sometimes been to me,
What, in my earliest despair,
I dreamt not they could be.
But here the past comes back again,
Oh, why so utterly in vain?
There is a change come o'er thy hills,
A shadow o'er thy sky;
The shadow is from my own heart,
The change in my own eye,—
It is our feelings give the tone,
To whatso'er we gaze upon.
Yet thou art lovely—but, alas!
Not lovely as of yore,
And of thy beauty I but ask
To look on it no more!
Earth does not hold a spot for me,
So sad as thou, fair Tivoli!

A spirited sketch is her *Lost Ship*, with its mysterious fate, its buried treasures, and the vain longings of bereaved ones for those whose dirge the moan of ocean sings:

Deep in the silent waters,
A thousand fathoms low,
A gallant ship lies perishing,
She foundered long ago.
There are pale sea flowers wreathing
Around her port-holes now,
And spars and shining coral
Eucrust her gallant prow.
There are pistol, sword, and carbine,
Hung on the cabin wall,
And many a curious dagger,
But rust has spoiled them all.
We only know from England,
She sailed far o'er the main;
We only know to England,
She never came again!
And eyes grew dim with watching,
That yet refused to weep;
And years were spent in hoping,
For tidings from the deep.
It grew an old man's story,
Upon their native shore;
God rest those souls in heaven,
Who met on earth no more!

We would not go so far as to say with Hazlitt, that "all that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it;" but we may surely love what lifts the mind above ordinary life, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with all that is pure and noble. "Poetry," says Lord Bacon, "has something divine in it, because it raises the mind and hurries it

into sublimity, by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do."

ANNE R.

Kirton Lindsey.

THE ROSE-GARDEN OF IRIM.

(From the Persian.)

WHEN Shaddad, who was King of Yemen, heard the description of Paradise, he said: "I have no necessity for Paradise; for I will make a Paradise for myself, the like of which, men cannot have beheld." He commanded his men artificers, that they should search for a spot fit for forming a garden. They hastened to every quarter, till they found a pleasant, airy, and elevated spot, on the borders of Syria. Then he appointed a hundred of his emirs, who were his counsellors, to bring masters and skilful persons from every country and kingdom; and he gave command to the kings of India and Greece, and sovereigns of various states, that they should send gold, and silver, and pearls, and precious stones, and whatever was found in their countries. At length, a beginning was made on the structure. They laid in the work a red brick of gold, and a white brick of silver; and they fixed in the divisions and joinings of them, pearls and precious stones. Every day there were strings of forty camels, fully laden with gold, and silver, and pearls, and precious stones, which were used in the building. They erected a royal palace, the walls and roofs of which were of gold, and silver, and diamonds: there were two thousand rooms, and a thousand halls and vestibules; and all the walls were set with pearls, and rubies, and turquoises, and emeralds, and other gems. Before every one of the rooms were set up trees of gold and silver, the leaves of which were of emeralds; and on which, instead of fruit, hung clusters of pearls; and on the ground, like sand, were strewed musk, and amber, and saffron. Between the trees of gold and silver, was planted a fruit-tree, to amuse and to be eaten. In short, after five hundred years, the place arrived at completion. This they named the Rose-garden of Irim.

They informed the infidel Shaddad of its completion; when he, with the desire of viewing it, marched from his capital, with pomp and the utmost splendour, with forces and attendants. When he arrived near it, two hundred thousand youthful slaves, whom he had brought with him from Damasan, he made into four divisions, and stationed them on four spaces, which were without the garden. As Shaddad and his grantees were approaching the Rose-garden, and he wishing the horse on which he was mounted to gallop, there was a great cry uttered, so that Shaddad trembled within himself; and, on

looking up, he saw a person of great fierceness and majesty:—"Who art thou?" said Shaddad.—"I am the angel of death," answered the spirit; and I am come to seize thy impure soul."—"Grant me leisure," said Shaddad, "that I may enter into this Paradise."—"It is not my order," answered the angel of death.—Then Shaddad, from fear of him, endeavoured to descend from his horse; but when, with one foot in the stirrup, he attempted to place the other on the ground, the seizer of souls bore from hence the spirit of the infidel, and he fell dead on the earth. And lightning came forth, which burnt to dust the slaves and whatever was on the plain, even the Rose-garden of Irim; and the Paradise of the infidel became hidden for ever.

W. G. C.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

1. BROWN'S ANECDOTES OF QUADRUPEDS.

Animals nestling in or on the bodies of others.—At page 138 is an anecdote from Buffon, who says, that a weasel with three young ones were extracted from the carcass of a wolf that had been suspended to a tree by the hind legs. In the thorax of the putrefied carcass, the weasel had formed a nest of leaves and herbage for her young. To this anecdote we shall connect some of a similar nature respecting other animals, which have not naturally this parasitic propensity. Mrs. G. Vasey, in her *Natural Historian*, states that the common hog's hide is so thick, and his fat so insensible to pain, that instances have occurred of mice gnawing their way into the fat on the back without incommoding the animal, (vol. i. p. 236.) In Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*, the Rev. Mr. Bree, in a very amusing article on the singular nidification of birds, tells us that "at Knowle Hall, Warwickshire, a wren, (*Troglodytes Europæus*,) built its nest in the skeleton body of a heron, which had been nailed up against a wall, and formed part of what has been facetiously called "the countryman's museum." Another Correspondent to the valuable periodical just mentioned, states that a tomtit built its nest and reared its young, for two successive years, in the mouth of Tom Otter, a murderer who was executed and hung in chains, (vol. v. p. 289.) Captain Lyon says, that in the course of one of his voyages, the nest of a snow-bunting, (*Emberiza Nivalis*,) was found built on the neck of a dead child; and Gilbert White records the circumstance of a swallow having "built its nest on the wings and body of an owl, that happened by accident to hang dead and dry from the rafter of a barn. This owl, with the nest on its wings, and with eggs in the nest, was brought as a curiosity worthy the most ele-

gant private museum in Great Britain."—(*Nat. Hist. of Selborne*, part 2, letter xviii.)

Tiger, (p. 287).—A story is here told of a party of travellers having kidnapped a tiger-cub which they carried away with them. "Being left at liberty and extremely well fed, the tiger grew rapidly, appeared tame, and fondling as a dog, and in every respect entirely domesticated. At length, when having attained a vast size, and, notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, begun to inspire terror by its tremendous powers of doing mischief, a piece of raw meat, dripping with blood, fell in its way. It is to be observed that, up to that moment, it had been studiously kept from raw animal food. The instant, however, it had dipped its tongue in blood, something like madness seemed to have seized upon the animal—a destructive principle, hitherto dormant, was awakened; it darted fiercely, and with glaring eyes, upon its prey, tore it with fury to pieces, and, growling and roaring in the most fearful manner, rushed off towards the jungles." An anecdote equally illustrative of an animal abandoning its artificial for its natural taste, when once it has learned what it is, is related by M. D'Obsonville of a tame ichneumon, which he kept and fed with milk and baked meat mixed with rice. "One day I brought him," he says, "a small water-serpent alive, being desirous to know how far his instinct would carry him against a being with which he was hitherto totally unacquainted. His first emotion seemed to be astonishment mixed with anger, for his hair became erect; but, in an instant after, he slipped behind the reptile, and with remarkable agility, leaped upon its head, seized it, and crushed it between his teeth. This essay, and new aliment, seemed to have awakened in him his innate and destructive voracity, which till then had given way to the gentleness he had acquired from his education. I had about my house several curious kinds of fowls, among which he had been brought up, and which, till then, he had suffered to go and come unmolested; but, a few days after, when he found himself alone, he strangled them every one, ate a little, and, as appeared, drank the blood of two."

Mice eating Flies, (p. 400).—An anecdote is introduced, from Bingley's *British Quadrupeds*, respecting a tame harvest-mouse, which was in the habit of catching and eating house-flies. A correspondent to the *Magazine of Natural History* has also, it may be mentioned, recorded the circumstance of some species of mouse exhibiting a similar propensity towards the flies called Aphides; and Mr. Rennie, in his *Insect Miscellanies*, (p. 378,) says, he "once had a whole drawer of insects destroyed by mice."—J. H. F.

Manners and Customs.

THE CHILIANS.

(From Dr. Meyen's *Voyage round the World*.)

It is greatly to be regretted, that the numerous English travellers, who, in the hope of wealth, have lately visited these countries, and for the most part returned disappointed, should publish their journals, in which this amiable nation is often sketched in the most offensive manner, in return for the many tokens of hospitality and friendly reception which assuredly they have invariably experienced, when they did not exhibit too much arrogance. The women have been made the peculiar object of attack, and often even individually named, whereby succeeding travellers have suffered great disadvantages, for already has the fashion disappeared of admitting every stranger of condition into the circle of the best families without the formality of a direct introduction. The ladies dread the stiff Englishman, who cannot enter into the spirit of their manners, and makes them a subject of merriment so soon as he is out of the room. He considers himself distinguished when he receives a bunch of flowers from a lady, though, in fact, this sort of courtesy is designed merely as a help to conversation. The Englishman calls the people dirty, because a basin of water goes round after dinner, and the whole company, men and women, dip their hands in it by turns, although these good people intend nothing further than to indicate the footing of confidence on which they wish to live with their guests.

The Chilians rise early, and the ladies immediately hurry off to mass, arrayed in black silk with long black veils. They are attended by female servants, bearing fine cushions for their mistresses to kneel upon. After mass they take chocolate, coffee, or China tea; maté, or Paraguay tea, being now entirely banished from the houses of the higher class. The men, who appear to trouble themselves very little about mass, usually employ the time devoted by the women to religious observances in strolling through the streets and market-places. During the forenoon, the ladies pay visits in their carriages; little two-wheeled coaches with glass windows, drawn by two mules, the coachman being seated upon one. Men and women never ride together in these carriages, which, indeed, are intended for women exclusively. As the heat increases with the advancing day, all life and action disappear from the streets, and by the afternoon all business is quite over. Two o'clock is the ordinary hour of dinner, which is soon ready, for the mode of living is singularly moderate; soon after dinner comes the siesta, which commonly lasts till six. During this time, a stillness, like that of death, reigns through the uni-

form streets of the city, which are heated to an extraordinary temperature by the unintermitting rays of the sun. All the shops are closed, and there is no one to speak to; none but curious strangers, and soldiers upon guard, are to be seen in the squares. Nothing less than an earthquake would be powerful enough to rouse the inhabitants of this town from the lethargy into which they fall, not so much perhaps from the intolerable heat as from habit. During our stay such an earthquake took place about three o'clock in the afternoon. *Misericordia! Un temblor! Un temblor!* resounded on all sides, and the inhabitants hurried out of their houses, often in the most laughable attire, for they had been surprised in the midst of their sleep. As the heat abates, the houses re-open, the shopkeepers expose their goods, and the squares are again filled with workmen. The bustle re-commences, the people stream towards the churches, and the promenades are filled; but on a sudden, as the sun sets, the bell calls to prayer, and heads are bared and all is still. Thousands and thousands of people, on horseback and in carriages, all huddled up together, as they chance to be confounded in the crowd, are instantly prostrated by the sound of this bell, as by catalepsy, and turn their thoughts to their common Creator. With alternating pauses an harmonious ringing of bells sounds from the different towers, admirably arranged with a view to effect, until the striking of the clock sets the mass again in motion. Then the noise redoubles, as if to overtake what has been lost in the preceding moments. *Buenas noches! buenas noches!* is the salutation then exchanged amongst acquaintance.

In the evening, from nine to ten o'clock, family visits are paid, and these last till long after midnight. Particular invitations are not the fashion here; any one once presented to the family by a friend of the house has the right of entry ever after; he may come as often as he chooses, and go away again if he does not find amusement in the circle which he happens to meet, without its being taken ill. When the rooms are lighted, and the doors open, it is a sign that the family are at home, and receive visits. The gentleman of the house, however, is rarely of the party; we have been for weeks in the habit of going in and out of houses without ever becoming acquainted with their masters. The ladies are splendidly dressed, and adorned with fragrant flowers in their hair, when they receive visits; a conversation begins, which is particularly remarkable for witty allusions and plays on words, whilst music, singing, and dancing by single pairs at a time, help to pass away the night; new guests are constantly coming in, and others departing to join a second or third company. People here assemble only for amusement, and not for

eating and drinking, which in many other countries is the principal matter; but some preserved fruit is commonly offered, which here and over the whole west coast of South America is so renowned under the name of *dulce*. It is usual to take only a few teaspoonsful and then a glass of water. In houses of distinction the *dulce* is handed round in small crystal saucers; in inferior houses one vessel goes round, and each guest helps himself in his turn. Frequently at these evening meetings the ladies have flowers brought to them, and, with a taste and elegance peculiar to themselves, form them into little bouquets, which they present to the gentlemen; but this, as I have already said, is meant merely as an invitation to converse. Most commonly the ladies sit still and exhibit their skill in the management of the fan, which they learn to use with an adroitness and grace such as no one assuredly could match in our country. From their earliest youth the management of the fan is the daily study of the young women of Santiago.

The Chilian ladies, equally with the Peruvian, are liable to some degree of censure for surrendering themselves too unreservedly to their natural passion for dress. This makes them forget their other duties, and I have conversed with many a worthy father of a family who has broken out into the bitterest complaints about it. A Chilian woman, even of the middle class, wears nothing but silk stockings, with silk shoes so very thin that they cannot last beyond a few days; her church-going dress consists of velvet, silk, and lace; she wears the largest and costliest French tortoise-shell combs in her hair, often two or even three of them at a time, merely for the sake of show. She walks about at home in the finest China silk kerchiefs, and lies with them upon the carpets. It is not merely that domestic happiness is so frequently disturbed, and many a matrimonial union prevented because the necessary means are wanting to the men; we may even regard this folly as a cause powerful enough to bring about the ruin of the state, unless effective means can be found of counteracting its extravagance. Good, that is, practical girlschools of the European kind, should be established; not such as the celebrated institution of Mora at Santiago, which, in my opinion, promotes the very thing which should be as much as possible repressed.

It is well worth remarking, that it is only since the casting off of the Spanish yoke that this luxury in dress has taken such exclusive possession of the women; but no one in this country dares to speak against it openly, although it is tacitly disapproved by all, for possibly in no country are the men so completely under the dominion of the women as in Chili; this, however, is a natural con-

sequence of their beauty and charming manners.

FESTIVAL OF ST. HERBERT.

ST. HERBERT has left his name to the island which he inhabited in Derwentwater. He had his yearly festival here in Romish times: on the 13th of April, the vicar of Crosthwaite used to perform mass in his chapel on the island, to the joint honour of the Hermit and St. Cuthbert, for they had been friends while they lived, and after death, their memories were not divided. Forty days' indulgence was granted to every one who devoutly attended. What a happy holiday must that have been for all these vales; and how joyous, on a fine spring day, must the lake have appeared, with boats and banners from every chapelry; and how must the chapel have adorned that little isle, giving a human and religious character to the solitude! Its ruins are still there, in such a state of total dilapidation, that they only make the island, mere wilderness as it is now become, more melancholy!—*Southey's Colloquies.*

TRIAL BY BATTLE.

On August 6, 1638, at the assizes held before Judge Berkeley, at Durham, the singular spectacle was presented of trial by waging battle being offered and accepted, for deciding the right to lands at Thickleby, betwixt Ralph Claxton, demandant, and Richard Lilburne, (father of the well-known John Lilburne,) tenant. The defendant appeared at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by his attorney, and brought in his champion, George Cheney, in full array, with his stove and sand-bag, who threw down his gauntlet on the floor of the Court, with five small pieces of coin in it. The tenant then introduced his champion, William Peverell, armed in the same manner, who also threw down his gage. The judge, after examining the champions, ordered them into the custody of the two bailiffs of the Court, till eight o'clock next morning, when they were ordered to put in pledges to appear at the Court of Pleas on the 15th of September, when it was again deferred to December 22; and the King desired the Judges of the northern circuit to hold conference and consider how the cause might be tried some other way. The result of the conference was, that six of the Judges overruled the objection by Mr. Justice Berkeley, that the champions were hired, the exception being too late after battle waged and sureties given, and that, in fact, Lilburne was entitled to his trial by battle, if he persisted. Means were found, notwithstanding, to defer the trial by battle from year to year, by finding some error in the record, till, at length, it was ordered, that a bill should be brought in to abolish this mode of decision.—*Sykes's Local Records.*

WEDDING DINNER.

On May 21, 1753, a wedding was thus solemnized at Bishopwearmouth, between two young persons. All acquaintances and relations on both sides were invited to the nuptials. They set forward to church at half-past seven o'clock, preceded by three violins and a bagpipe. Seventy couple went hand in hand, all distinguished by blue cockades, besides an innumerable crowd. The bill of fare for dinner was as follows:—5 bushels of malt brewed for table beer, 10 bushels for ale, 16 quarters of lamb, 8 turkeys, 10 green geese, 8 hams, and 4 dozen of hens, 12 ducks, 20 quarters of mutton, 10 quarters of veal, 16 neat's tongues, a quarter of beef roasted whole, 20 stoves of beef boiled, 6 bushels of white peas, 80 pounds of butter, 16 pies; the bride's cake was carried between two persons on a handbarrow to the bakehouse; 20 gallons of brandy, 8 dozen of lemons, 7 stoves of double refined sugar, 10 bushels of wheat, a hundred weight of tobacco, 6 gross of pipes, tarts, whip-possets, cheesecakes, and jellies innumerable. The formalities of singing, throwing the stocking, and sack-posset, were not forgotten.—*Ibid.*

SINGULAR IMPRISONMENT.

In 1301, King Edward I. ordered the Countess of Buchan to be placed in a wooden cage in the shape of a crown, and shut up in one of the towers of Berwick Castle, for crowning Robert Bruce, at Scoone. She was attended by two Englishwomen, and remained six years in this confinement.—*Ibid.*

CURIOUS HORN.

PUSEY is a village in Berkshire, and only remarkable, (says Britton,) for having belonged to one family since the reign of Canute, who gave it their ancestors by the medium of a horn, which is now in the possession of the owner of the estate, and bears the following inscription:—"KING KNOWO GAVE WYLLIAM PEWSE YYS HORN TO HOLDE BY THY LOND."

This horn is described by Mr. Gough as being of a dark-brown, tortoise-shell colour, mounted at each end with rings of silver, and a third round the middle, on which the inscription is written in characters of much later date than those of the time of Canute. The horn is of an ox or buffalo; two feet are fixed to the middle ring, and the stopper is shaped like a dog's head.

ANCIENT PUNISHMENTS.

THE Cut shows two secular penances, which were inflicted upon disturbers of the peace, at Newcastle, so long since as the year 1649. First, is a representation of Robert

ANCIENT PUNISHMENTS.



(The Branks.)

(Drunkard in the Cloak.)

Sharp, an officer of the Corporation, leading Ann Bidlestone, through the town, with the branks, or gossip's bridle on her head. This contrivance was described at page 360 of our vol. xxiii.; but, the above is a practical, whole-length illustration of its utility, when it did the present work of education.

Next is a drunken fellow wearing "the Newcastle Cloak," which was a cask, one end being out, and the other having a hole through it, sufficient for the offender to pass his head through, by which means the vessel rested on his shoulders; holes being made in the front for his hands. Thus the drunkard was led through the streets as a spectacle of contempt.

It need scarcely be added that both these punishments have long been laid aside. The date of their infliction, as in the Cut, is September 14, 1649, as appears in Sykes's *Local Records of Northumberland and Durham*, (second edition,) a book, by the way, to our taste; and we wish every county in England had so diligent a chronologist as the editor of these entertaining volumes.

The branks are still preserved in the Town Court of Newcastle; but, Mr. Sykes shrewdly asks, why has the cloak been laid aside? The women of our time, (Heaven bless them!) do not require to be branked; they speak with silver, not iron, tongues; but, we fear, the men get as drunk as in the "good old times" at Newcastle. Why then should the cloak be thrown by? It would, certainly, prove more efficacious in restraining drunkenness than a shilling or a five-shilling fine. A wine-drinker, at our elbow, suggests that the cloak be recommended to Temperance Societies, and that it be embellished after Ripplingville's pictures of Drunkenness. Then, indeed, sugar hogsheads would look up; though a *punchon* sawn asunder would

fit a pair of drunkards. Lastly, let this punishment be inflicted on all—

Whether with ale irriguous or champagne.

New Books.

NEW FACTS REGARDING THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

We are indebted for this very interesting contribution to our knowledge of the life of Shakspeare, to Mr. J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. Steevens, the commentator, long since stated, "all that is known with any degree of certainty, concerning Shakspeare is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there, went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." Yet there are scarcely any of his distinguished contemporaries, regarding the events of whose lives we are better informed. Mr. Collier supplied a few novel particulars in his *History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage*; and he here adds more, of a most authentic kind, and of considerable importance. The most interesting of these are derived from the MSS. of Lord Ellesmere, Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, and Lord Chancellor to James I. They are preserved at Bridgewater House, and Lord Francis Egerton gave Mr. Collier instant and unrestrained access to them. The Rev. H. J. Todd had been there before him, and had classed some of the documents and correspondence; but large bundles of papers, ranging in point of date between 1581, when Lord Ellesmere was made Solicitor-General, and 1616, when he retired from the Chancellorship, remained unexplored; and it was evident that many of them had never been opened from the time when, perhaps, his

own hands tied them together. Among these, in a most unpromising heap, chiefly of legal documents, Mr. Collier met with the majority of the new facts, which he has here submitted to the public, relying, for their interest, in "the magic of the name of Shakspeare."

To make the matter more intelligible, Mr. Collier carries the reader back to the period when our drama was first represented in regular theatres, the most ancient of which were "the Theatre," and "the Curtain," in Shoreditch, supposed to have been built about the year 1570. The Blackfriars Playhouse, (where, in the winter, Shakspeare's dramas were acted, the performances at the Globe, which was open to the sky, being necessarily confined to the spring, summer, and autumn,) was erected in 1576. As early as 1579, the City authorities endeavoured to dislodge the players from this refuge, to which they had been driven by the refusal of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, to allow dramatic representations within the boundaries of their jurisdiction. The Blackfriars was supposed to be a privileged precinct, to which the power of the Lord Mayor did not extend, the exemption being derived from times when the site was occupied by the dwelling and grounds of a religious fraternity. In the above year, the Corporation intruded there a regular police to eject the poor players; and, about the same time, certain inhabitants of the Blackfriars also presented a petition to the Privy Council, which, perhaps, led that body to require the opinion of the two Justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, upon the disputed question; and their decision is among the papers of Lord Ellesmere. It was in favour of the claim of the City magistrates, who, however, still allowed the players to be at the Blackfriars Theatre, backed, as they were, by the interest of the Earl of Leicester, who had obtained the Patent for them in 1574.

Shakspeare is believed to have joined this company, (Burbage's,) seven or eight years subsequently to 1579: he came to London for that purpose in 1586 or 1587, and did not begin to write for the Stage, even by the alteration of older plays, until 1590 or 1591. The earliest date at which Shakspeare's name has hitherto been mentioned in connexion with the Blackfriars Theatre, is 1596; but the MSS. at Bridgewater House enable Mr. Collier to furnish not only the name of Shakspeare, but the names of the whole company of sharers seven years earlier, and only two or three years after our great dramatist first made his appearance in London; Shakspeare, in 1589, having made such way in his profession, as to establish himself a sharer with fifteen others, in the Blackfriars Theatre.

This information, Mr. Collier thinks suffi-

cient contradiction to the story of Shakspeare having commenced his career by holding horses at the playhouse door; and, had such been the fact, he would hardly have risen to the rank of a sharer in 1589, as it indisputably appears he was, on the authority of a certificate, which must have been transmitted to Lord Ellesmere.

Mr. Collier then enumerates the company, of whom we shall only notice Thomas Green, a native of Stratford-upon-Avon, who is thought by Malone, to have been the immediate cause of Shakspeare's application to be admitted one of the Queen's servants; but Mr. Collier shows that Green's introduction was not necessary.

Next are John Taylor, probably the father of Joseph Taylor, an eminent actor in the reign of James I.; Anthony Wadeson, an author whose name occurs here, for the first time, as an actor; Thomas Pope; Nicholas Towley, or Tooley; William Kempe, and Robert Armin; all known as Shakspeare's theatrical associates; and George Peele, the dramatic poet, who, Mr. Collier conjectured some years ago, was upon the stage early in life.

Thus, we see that in 1589, Shakspeare's name is placed twelfth in the list of the sixteen members of the company; in 1596, he had so far advanced that it was inserted fifth in a company of eight; in 1603, he was second in the new patent granted by King James I. on his accession: all which circumstances show that Shakspeare from the first was gradually making his way to greater prominence of station.

Mr. Collier next refers to the renewal of the Corporation attempts to dislodge the players; and one of the consequent inquiries throws a strong and certain light upon the interesting question of the amount of Shakspeare's property about five years before he retired to his native town, to enjoy, in tranquillity, the fruits of his genius and industry during the busy period of his life, extending from 1586 or 1587, when he probably first came to London, to 1612 or 1613, when he quitted it.

Defeated in the attempt to expel the King's Servants, (as the Blackfriars Actors were now called,) by force of law, the Corporation endeavoured to buy them out; and among the papers of Lord Ellesmere is a minute and curious account, showing the precise interest of all the principal persons connected with the Company in 1608, and among the rest, of Shakspeare himself; which document was drawn up to ascertain what sum would compensate the players for their removal. Hence we learn, that Shakspeare's property in the Blackfriars Theatre, including the wardrobe and properties, which were exclusively his, was estimated at more than 1,400*l.*, which would be equal to 6 or 7,000*l.* of our present money: indeed, next to

Richard Burbage, the son of the builder of the Theatre, Shakspeare was the largest claimant.

This information is important, considering how scanty have hitherto been all details regarding the pecuniary circumstances of our great poet. Till now all has depended upon conjecture, both as to the value of theatrical property, generally, in the time of Shakspeare, and as to the particular sum he may be supposed to have realized, as an author of plays, and as an actor of them. Malone "suspected that the whole clear receipt of a theatre was divided into forty shares," and proceeds to guess at the mode in which the money was distributed. Here, we have positive proof, that, at the Blackfriars, the profits was divided into twenty shares; and, though their value may have been overstated, yet, if each share produced on an average, or, (to use the terms of the document,) "one year with another," 33*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*., the twenty shares would net an annual sum of 666*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*., or somewhat less than 3,400*l*. of our present money. Shakspeare's annual income from the receipts at the Blackfriars Theatre, without the amount paid him for the use of the wardrobe and properties, would, therefore, be 133*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. At about this date it appears, that from 12*l*. to 15*l*. were usually given for new dramatic productions. To the above income would be added the sums received by Shakspeare for either new or altered plays. We have a right to conclude that the Globe was, at least, as profitable as the Blackfriars: it was a larger theatre, and the performances took place at a season when, probably, playhouses were more frequented. At the lowest computation, therefore, Mr. Collier is inclined to put Shakspeare's yearly income at 300*l*., or not far short of 1,500*l*. of our present money. We are to recollect, that in 1608, he had produced most of his greatest works, the plausible conjecture being, that he wrote only five or six plays between that year and his final retirement from London. How, and for what sum, he previously disposed of his interest in the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres, it is useless to attempt to speculate.

Among the shareholders of the theatres, it may be mentioned, are Hemminge and Condell, the editors of the first folio edition of Shakspeare, in 1623.

In connexion with the question of the property of Shakspeare, Mr. Collier notices a document of some curiosity, which has been pointed out to him among the fines preserved at the Chapter House, Westminster. It relates to the purchase in 1603, of a messuage, with barn, granary, garden, and orchard, at Stratford-upon-Avon, for 60*l*. In May, 1603, as is stated in most of the recent memoirs of Shakspeare, he had bought 107 acres of land, which he attached to his house of New Place; and, in the same month of

the subsequent year, (as is nowhere mentioned,) he made the above additional bargain.

It is known that, in 1605, Shakspeare gave 440*l*. for the lease of a moiety of the great and small tithes of Stratford; so that the author of the anonymous tract called *Ratsey's Ghost*, (printed without date, but not earlier than 1606,) might well make his hero tell the poor itinerant Player, in obvious reference to the success of Shakspeare, "when thou feelest thy purse well lined, buy thee some place of lordship in the country, that, growing weary of playing, thy money may there bring thee to high dignity and reputation * * * for I have heard indeed of some that have gone to London very meekly, and have come in time to be exceeding wealthy." Shakspeare came to London a penniless fugitive, and returned, "weary of playing" and of plays, to spend his last years in his birth-place, comparatively in "high dignity and reputation," and, if not "exceeding wealthy," with a very comfortable independence.

Another very interesting document, preserved at Bridgewater House, is the copy of a letter signed H. S., and addressed, as we must conclude, to Lord Ellesmere, on behalf of the Players at Blackfriars, when assailed by the Corporation of London. It has no date but evidently refers to the attempted dislodgment; and it was found in the same bundle as the paper of the claims of the shareholders for compensation. This letter personally introduces Richard Burbage and William Shakspeare, "two of the chiefs of the company," who placed this document in the hands of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. The initials H. S., Mr. Collier takes to be those of Henry Southampton, who was the noble patron of Shakspeare, and who, in this very letter, calls the Poet his "especial friend." It is natural to suppose that the young nobleman who had presented Shakspeare, (if such be the fact, and there is no sufficient reason to deny it,) with 1,000*l*. as a free gift, not many years before, would take the strongest interest in his welfare. Mr. Collier quotes this letter, and an excellent appeal it is for the "poore players."

Besides establishing the friendship of Lord Southampton and Shakspeare, this letter refers to the dramatist as "till of late an actor of good account," which may serve to settle his rank in the company; for, had Shakspeare deserved anything like the praise merited by Burbage, Lord Southampton would have spoken more highly of his performances; and we may reckon it a fortunate circumstance that his moderate success as an actor led him to apply himself with more assiduity to dramatic composition. The language of Lord Southampton certainly decides that our great poet had recently

quitted the stage; and we may conclude, therefore, contrary to the received opinion, that he remained a performer for some time after his name appeared in the list at the end of Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, as acted in 1603.

Let us now hear Mr. Collier's own account of his ecstasy on finding these new, curious, and important particulars, "regarding a Poet who, above all others, ancient or modern, native or foreign, has been the object of admiration." He continues:—

"When I took up the copy of Lord Southampton's letter and glanced over it hastily, I could scarcely believe my eyes, to see such names as Shakspeare and Burbage in connexion in a manuscript of the time. There was a remarkable coincidence also in the discovery, for it happened on the anniversary of Shakspeare's birth and death. I will not attempt to describe my joy and surprise, and I can only liken it to the unexpected gratification I experienced two or three years ago, when I turned out, from some ancient depositories of the Duke of Devonshire, the original designs of Inigo Jones, not only for the scenery, but for the dresses and characters of the different masques by Ben Jonson, Campion, Townshend, &c. presented at Court in the reigns of our first James and Charles. The sketches were sometimes accompanied by explanations in the handwriting of the great artist, a few of which incidentally illustrate Shakspeare, who, however was never employed for any of these royal entertainments: annexed to one of the drawings was the following written description, from whence we learn how the actor of the part of Falstaff was usually habited in the time of Shakspeare.

'Like a Sr. Jon Falstaff: in a robe of russet, quite low, with a great belley, like a swollen man, long moustachos, the sheaves [shoes] shorte, and out of them greates toes like naked feete: buskins to sheaw a great, swollen leg. A cupp coming fourth like a beake—a great head and balde, and a little cap *alla Venetiane*, greay—a rodd and a scroule of parchment.'

The remaining pages of Mr. Collier's little volume relate to documents showing that Shakspeare endeavoured to procure the office of Master of the Queen's Revels, in 1603; having obtained which, he would have been at the head of a company of juvenile performers, styled "the Children of the Queen's Revels;" adding a list of plays which the little folks were to perform. At the foot of one of these documents is the subsequent enumeration of theatres at that time open in the metropolis and its neighbourhood.

"Bl. Fr. and Globe
Wh. Fr. and Parish Garden
Curjen and Fortune
Hope and Swanne."

All in or near London."

The Hope and the Swan were both in Southwark, very near each other, and probably both in the hands of Philip Henslowe, the old pawn-broking manager, to whose

Diary we owe so many particulars regarding old plays, players, and playhouses.

We have only to add our acknowledgment to Mr. Collier for these details, which are in the form of a letter to his friend, Mr. Amyot, Treas. Soc. Ant. It is throughout a delightful piece of epistolary writing, independently of its association with the name of Shakspeare. It is brief—only sixty pages; but Mr. Collier, in the right spirit of enthusiasm, says, had he consulted his own inclination, he should have made it at least four times as long, by adding a great deal of other new matter relating to Shakspeare, his works, and his fellow dramatists and actors. Nor does Mr. Collier forget his personal thankfulness, and the obligations of literature, to Lord Francis Egerton, who, in allowing the documents to be transcribed, has laid open the manuscript stores of his noble family with a liberality worthy of his rank and race.

MISCELLANIES, NO. II.

By Washington Irving.

[We promised to return to this charming volume, and we do so in a few pages of the author's best manner: for, of a truth, he revels in greenwood, glade, and forest haunt.]

Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest.

During my sojourn at Newstead Abbey, I took great delight in riding and rambling about the neighbourhood, studying out the traces of merry Sherwood Forest, and visiting the haunts of Robin Hood. The reliques of the old forest are few and scattered; but as to the bold outlaw that once held a kind of freebooting sway over it, there is scarce a hill or dale, a cliff or cavern, a well or fountain, in this part of the country, that is not connected with his memory. The very names of some of the tenants on the Newstead estate, such as Beardall and Hardstaff, sound as if they may have been borne in old times by some stalwart fellows of the outlaw gang.

One of the first of my antiquarian rambles was on horseback, in company with Colonel Wildman and his lady, who undertook to guide me to some of the mouldering monuments of the forest. One of these stands in front of the very gate of Newstead Park, and is known throughout the country by the name of "the Pilgrim Oak." It is a venerable tree of great size, overshadowing a wide area of the road. Under its shade the rustics of the neighbourhood have been accustomed to assemble on certain holidays and celebrate their rural festivals. This custom has been handed down from father to son for several generations, until the oak had acquired a kind of sacred character. The old Lord Byron, however, in whose eyes nothing was sacred, when he laid his desolating hand on the groves and forests of Newstead, doomed, likewise, this traditional tree to the axe.

Fortunately, the good people of Nottingham heard of the danger of their favourite oak, and hastened to ransom it from destruction. They afterwards made a present of it to the poet, when he came to the estate, and the Pilgrim Oak is likely to continue a rural gathering-place for many coming generations.

From this magnificent and time-honoured tree, we continued on our sylvan research, in quest of another oak of more ancient date and less flourishing condition. A ride of two or three miles, the latter part across open wastes, once clothed with forest, now bare and cheerless, brought us to the tree in question. It was the Oak of Ravenshead, one of the last survivors of Old Sherwood, and which had evidently once held a high head in the forest. It was now a mere wreck, crazed by time and blasted by lightning, and standing alone, on a naked waste, like a ruined column in a desert.

"The scenes are desert now, and bare
Where flourish'd once a forest fair.

You lonely oak, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell:
Since, he so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough:
Would he could tell how deep the shade,
A thousand mingled branches made.
Here, in my shade, methinks he'd say,
The mighty stag at noonday lay,
While doe and roe and red-deer good
Have bounded by through gay green wood."

At no great distance from the Ravenshead Oak is a small cave, which goes by the name of Robin Hood's Stable. It is in the breast of a hill scooped out of brown freestone, with rude attempts at columns and arches. Within are two niches, which served, it is said, as stalls for the bold outlaw's horses. To this retreat he retired, when hotly pursued by the law; for the place was a secret even from his band. The cave is overshadowed by an oak and alder, and is hardly discoverable even at the present day; but when the country was overrun with forest it must have been completely concealed.

Another of these rambling rides in quest of popular antiquities, was to a chain of rocky cliffs, called Kirkby Crag, which skirt the Robin Hood Hills. Here, leaving my horse at the foot of the crags, I scaled their rugged sides, and seated myself in a niche of the rocks, called Robin Hood's Chair. It commands a wide prospect over the valley of Newstead, and here the bold outlaw is said to have taken his seat, and kept a look-out upon the roads below, watching for merchants and bishops, and other wealthy travellers, upon whom to pounce down, like an eagle from his eyrie.

Descending from the cliffs, and remounting my horse, a ride of a mile or two farther along a narrow "robber path," as it was called, which wound up into the hills between perpendicular rocks, led to an artificial cavern

cut in the face of a cliff, with a door and window wrought through the living stone. This bears the name of Friar Tuck's cell or hermitage, where, according to tradition, that jovial anchorite used to make good cheer and boisterous revel with his freebooting comrades.

Such were some of the vestiges of Old Sherwood and its renowned "yeomandrie," which I visited in the neighbourhood of Newstead. The worthy clergyman, who officiated as chaplain at the Abbey, seeing my zeal in the cause, informed me of a considerable tract of the ancient forest, still in existence, about ten miles distant. There were many fine old oaks in it, he said, that had stood for centuries, but were now shattered and "stag-headed;" that is to say, their upper branches were bare and blasted, and straggling out like the antlers of a deer. Their trunks, too, were hollow, and full of crows and jackdaws, who made them their nestling-places. He occasionally rode over to the forest, in the long summer evenings, and pleased himself with loitering in the twilight about the green alleys and under the venerable trees.

The description given by the chaplain made me anxious to visit this remnant of old Sherwood, and he kindly offered to be my guide and companion. We accordingly sallied forth one morning, on horseback on this sylvan expedition. Our ride took us through a part of the country where King John had once held a hunting seat; the ruins of which are still to be seen. At that time the whole neighbourhood was an open, royal forest, or frank-chase as it was termed: for John was an enemy to parks and warrens and other inclosures, by which game was forced in for the private benefit and recreation of the nobles and the clergy.

Here, on the brow of a gentle hill that commanded an extensive prospect of what had once been forest, stood another of those monumental trees, which, to my mind, gave a peculiar interest to this neighbourhood. It was the "Parliament Oak," so called in memory of an assemblage of the kind held by King John beneath its shade. The lapse of upwards of six centuries had reduced this once mighty tree to a mere crumbling fragment, yet, like a gigantic torso in ancient statuary, the grandeur of its mutilated trunk gave evidence of what it had been in the days of its glory.

A ride of a few miles farther brought us at length among the venerable and classic shades of Sherwood. Here I was delighted to find myself in a genuine wild wood, of primitive and natural growth, so rarely to be met with in this thickly peopled and highly cultivated country. It reminded me of the aboriginal forests of my native land. I rode through natural alleys and greenwood glades carpeted with grass and shaded by lofty and

beautiful beeches. What most interested me, however, was to behold around the mighty trunks of veteran oaks, the patriarchs of Sherwood Forest. They were shattered, hollow, and moss grown; it is true, and their "leafy honours" were nearly departed; but, like mouldering towers, they were noble and picturesque in their decay, and gave evidence, even in their ruins, of their ancient grandeur.

The horn of Robin Hood again seemed to sound through the forest. I saw his sylvan chivalry, half huntsmen, half freebooters, trooping across the distant glades, or feasting and revelling beneath the trees. I was going on to embody, in this way, all the ballad scenes that had delighted me when a boy, when the distant sound of a woodcutter's axe roused me from my day-dream. The boding apprehensions which it awakened were too soon verified: I had not ridden much farther when I came to an open space where the work of destruction was going on. Around me lay the prostrate trunks of venerable oaks, once the towering and magnificent lords of the forest, and a number of woodcutters were hacking and hewing at another gigantic tree, just tottering to its fall.

Alas for old Sherwood Forest! it had fallen into the possession of a noble agriculturist, a modern utilitarian, who had no feeling for poetry or forest scenery. In a little while and this glorious woodland will be laid low; its green glades turned into sheepwalks, its legendary bowers supplanted by turnip fields, and "merry Sherwood" will exist but in ballad and tradition.

"Oh, for the poetical superstitions," thought I, "of the olden time! that shed a sanctity over every grove; that gave to each tree its tutelary genius or nymph, and threatened disaster to all who molested the hamadryads in their leafy abodes. Alas! for the sordid propensity of modern days, when every thing is coined into gold, and this once holyday planet of ours is turned into a mere 'working-day world.'"

My cobweb fancies put to flight, and my feelings out of tune, I left the Forest in a far different mood from that in which I entered it, and rode silently along, until, on reaching the summit of a gentle eminence, the chime of evening bells came on the breeze across the heath from a distant village.

I paused to listen.

"They are merely the evening bells of Mansfield," said my companion.

"Of Mansfield!" Here was another of the legendary names of this storied neighbourhood, that called up early and pleasant associations. The famous old ballad of the King and the Miller of Mansfield came at once to mind, and the chime of the bells put me again in good humour.

A little farther on, and we came again on the traces of Robin Hood. Here was Foun-

tain Dale, where he had his encounter with that stalwart shaveling Friar Tuck, who was a kind of saint militant, alternately wearing the casque and the cowl.

"The curtal fryer kept Fountain Dale
Seven long years and more;
There was neither lord, knight, or earl,
Could make him yield before."

The moat is still shown which is said to have surrounded the stronghold of this jovial and fighting friar, and the place where he and Robin Hood had their sturdy trial of strength and prowess, in the memorable conflict which lasted

"From ten o'clock that very day
Until four in the afternoon,"

and ended in the treaty of fellowship. As to the hardy feats, both by sword and trencher, performed by this "curtal fryer," behold, are they not recorded at length in the ancient ballads, and in the magic pages of *Ivanhoe*?

The evening was fast coming on, and the twilight thickening, as we rode through these haunts, famous in outlaw story. A melancholy seemed to gather over the landscape as we proceeded; for our course lay by shadowy woods, and across naked heaths, and lonely roads, marked by some of those dismal names, with which the country people in England are apt to make dreary places still more dreary. The horrors of "Thieves' Wood," and of "the Murderer's Stone," and of "the Hag Nook," had all to be encountered in the gathering gloom of evening, and threatened to beset our path with more than mortal peril. Happily, however, we passed all these ominous places unharmed, and arrived in safety at the portal of Newstead Abbey, highly satisfied with our greenwood forays.

Notes of a Reader.

FACTS RELATING TO INDIA.

(From Mr. Thornton's recent Work.)

European Influence.—The British authority in India is paramount. That of the French is almost annihilated. They still occupy Pondicherry, and one or two other places of small importance, but they no longer dispute with the English the dominion of the East. The Portuguese linger in a few spots, the scenes of their former commercial grandeur. The Danes have possession of a few settlements, neither extensive nor important. The Dutch retain Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and some other islands: but from none of these has Britain at this time any thing to fear. Her rivals have fallen before her, and left her in possession of the most gigantic dominion that ever was appended to a foreign state.

Irrigation.—The culture of a large portion of India depends upon irrigation. To promote this, tanks have been constructed in immense numbers, and the repairs and re-

storage of reservoirs form a heavy charge upon the government. These tanks are constantly liable to accidents, and in one district of the Madras presidency, North Arcot, no less than eleven hundred burst in one year, 1827.

Tobacco.—India produces some good tobacco, though in small quantities. There is a kind grown to a very limited extent in the northern circars, and converted into snuff at Masulipatam, on the coast of Coromandel. This snuff is highly valued in England. Some good tobacco is also raised in Bundelcund. Capital, knowledge, and care, are probably all that are wanting to render the production of tobacco of marketable quality more general.

Coffee.—The cultivation of coffee in India is of recent introduction, the first plantation having been established in 1823.

Sugar.—India may become the greatest sugar country in the world, and it is our duty to the people committed to our rule to secure to them this important branch of trade. The course prescribed by our own interest is not less clear. A large share of the profits of British capital employed in India, will return to increase the resources of our own country. The time, too, is peculiarly fitted for the experiment, and the present circumstances of our West India possessions urge it with a voice which it would be the extreme of folly to disregard. A change has taken place, the consequences of which are yet in the bosom of Time; but the best informed and the most sagacious regard them with gloomy forebodings. Some venture to predict that the period is approaching when all labour will cease in the West Indies, excepting so much as is necessary to preserve existence, in a climate where the wants of man are few. It scarcely admits of doubt that there will be a reduction both in the breadth of cultivation and the amount of produce; and it is worth remembering that the great and sudden prosperity of the indigo trade in Bengal was caused by the destruction of the plantations in St. Domingo.

The East India Company.—The history of the world affords nothing more extraordinary than the present posture of the Company. Formed exclusively for the prosecution of a desirable branch of commerce, it has renounced trade, yet continues to exist for purposes which its founders never contemplated. Called incidentally to the exercise of civil and military power, it continues to wield that power now that its original character has disappeared, and when it has no longer any interest in those commercial advantages which it was the single purpose of its conquests to secure.

Timber.—The forests of India might be rendered of far greater importance than they have hitherto been. Dr. Wallich, who visited

many parts of India with an especial view to the forests, states that they contain every description of timber in the world, or a substitute for it.

Effects of Machinery.—The piece-goods of India, formerly an important article of export, are now superseded not only in the British market, but in her own; and Manchester and Glasgow furnish clothing to the people of India. The fabrics produced by machinery are not indeed equal in strength or durability to those manufactured by manual labour, but the vast difference in price insures them a preference in every market.

Relations of England and India.—India should not be regarded in the light of a foreign country, but as an integral part of the British empire, separated by distance but united with it by a common interest.

Operation of Commerce.—India, by exporting opium, assists in supplying England with tea. China, by consuming opium, facilitates the revenue operations between India and England. England, by consuming tea, contributes to increase the demand for the opium of India.

Cotton.—The soil and climate of India are admirably adapted to the growth of cotton, and every variety is produced there. But from the carelessness and mismanagement which mark every stage, both of culture and preparation for the market, the price which India cotton bears is greatly inferior to that commanded by the cotton of America. Yet the cotton of the East is capable of producing fabrics of unequalled strength and durability.

Trade with Caubul.—Caubul is a great and increasing consumer of Indian and British commodities. The manufactures of our own country have in a great degree superseded those of Russia, which formerly commanded an extensive sale in Caubul. Through the last-named country both Indian and British goods are transmitted to Bokhara, where the introduction of the latter has had the same effect, of displacing in a great degree the goods of Russia. If this trade were pushed as it might be, the supply of Bokhara with muslins and woollens might be secured exclusively to India and England. With a view to the extension of our commerce with these countries, Lieutenant Burnes suggests the propriety of imitating the Russians, by establishing fairs or bazaars on the frontier of our Indian empire adjoining Caubul, and the suggestion certainly deserves attention.

The Post.—The Post Office is in almost all countries a monopoly. India is an exception to this rule. The present mode of conveying the mail is by runners, who travel at the rate of about four miles an hour. In some parts of the Deccan, a horse post has been tried, and in one instance a light carriage. The nature of the country is at present unfavourable for the use of these improvements;

but as it advances in prosperity, the importance of rapid and certain modes of communication will become apparent, and the means will doubtless be provided. The post is yet little used by the natives, and the revenue derived from it is trifling.

Food for Silk-worms.—Silk-worms in India are fed not only on the mulberry, but also on the *palma christi*, or castor-oil plant, and several kinds of the laurel tribe.

Railways.—Canals must depend for their utility upon a regular supply of water; and in many parts of India it might be difficult to secure it. In such circumstances railways present an admirable substitute. Even where the difficulty of obtaining water was not great, railways might be preferable in cases where the probable amount of traffic was limited. The expense of such works would be far less than in England. In our country an enormous proportion of the expense, varying from a third to a half, arises from the purchases of land, fencings, parliamentary and law proceedings, and other causes independent of the mere construction of the railway. In India some of these charges might be avoided altogether, and others would be very much reduced. The actual expense of the work would also be less than that of similar undertakings in England. As the traffic would be comparatively small, a single road, with occasional passing places, would be sufficient; and as the weight of the carriages and lading would be much less, the rails might be proportionably lighter. Labour in India is vastly cheaper than in England; and, under these circumstances, the cost of railways would be extremely moderate. At present, perhaps, the use of animal power would be the most advantageous; but this, of course, would form one point of inquiry with those who might be disposed to undertake such works. There are various lines upon which railways would be immediately profitable; and if the resources of India should be improved to the full amount of their capabilities, a necessity for fresh lines would be created, whilst the old ones would become increasingly lucrative.

Steam Communication with India.—Supposing a very rapid communication between England and India to be necessary, it would be indispensable that it should be constant. Neither by the Euphrates nor the Red Sea could this advantage be attained. For several months in the year we could not expect to navigate the former, and the latter would be unapproachable during the prevalence of the south-west monsoon. If it be not physically impossible for a steamer to make way against the monsoon, her progress must be very slow, and the wear and tear of the vessel and machinery ruinous. If effected at all, therefore, the voyage could not be performed with certainty, as to time, and the principal advan-

tage proposed would, consequently, be lost. There is yet one most serious objection which applies to the two routes—they both traverse countries frequently visited by the plague.

The Gatherer.

Pleasures of Knowledge.—How much pleasure of reflection and contemplation is lost to the ignorant whose outward sense wanders over the objects that surround it, deriving from them but half the delight that they give the wise and well-informed; even fancy is at fault, for fancy itself scarce devises images more strange, and beautiful, and wonderful, than the reality of things presents to those who understand their properties and natures.—*Mrs. Butler.*

England and America.—Until Americans have found a tongue for themselves, they must still be the children of England, for they speak the words her children speak by the fireside of her homes. Oh, England! noble, noble land! They may be proud of many things, these inheritors of a new world, but of nothing more than that they are descended from Englishmen; that their fathers once trod the soil whereon has grown more goodness, more greatness, more beauty, and more truth, than on any other earth under God's sun.—*Ibid.*

Servan was a saint of approved prowess and great good-nature: he slew a dragon in single combat, turned water into wine, and once, when a hospitable poor man killed his only pig to entertain him and his religious companions, he supped upon the pork, and restored the pig to life next morning.—*Legend of St. Kenigern.*

Kean once played *Young Norval* to Mrs Siddons's *Lady Randolph*: after the play, as Kean used to relate, Mrs. Siddons came to him, and patting him on the head, said, "You have played very well, sir, very well. It's a pity,—but there's too little of you to do anything."

Our most unreasonable prejudices are generally the strongest.—*Jonathan Boucher.*

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